UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ISABEL A. THELWOOD.

Then hast been true to me!
No music like to it exactly on my ear,
As thy low, angel tones, my mother dear.
And when I turn in fever,
And meet thy winning smile, I half forget
That our fair world has aught but gladness yet.

Years, weary years, have gone,
Since first beside thy knee I lisped the prayers,
The lips have known my heart's most amid care,
Yet such remembered tones,
I've treasured up like pearl gems from the sea,
That is their hallowed beauty breathe of me.

Then hast been always true!
From the first hour I nestled on thy breast,
That has been all my earthly place of rest;
And gently as the dew
Of summer sheds on the faded flowers,
Have I gone forth refreshed from those sweet hours.

And how, when age has come,
And bowed for me which I loved to trace
The azure lines, and marred thy angel face,
My heart shall be thy home,
And tenderly as thou hast watched my years,
Will I grant thee through sadness, gloom and tears.

Then wilt be true till death!
And when the broids eye yet terse to miss,
My heart shall send its smiling glance in thine;
And with a trusting love,
I shall be blest if I but hear from thee,
That "good work"—Thou hast been true to me."

Frankford, Pa.

TO WILLIAM O. DUVOLL.
CAYUGA COUNTY, NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. H. COGGINS.

Children of the lone green valley!
Still your hearts are wild
Orville's name, and Orville's smile,
Though professor he knows it not.
Still before my voice gleam
Those mild features of Genius
Seneca's clan-shaded frame.
Fair Owasco's diamond isle,
That entwind thy bosom
In their peaceful beauty glide;
Where the waters blow,
Some of gold and some of snow,
The fringe of scenery far below.
When our public crushed the green,
Fragrance floated from their mouse,
And the mad wind dash fierce
Swiftly from our stranger view.
Lovely children—do ye seek
For "Indian darts," along the shore?
And do ye ever think of spirits,
Of him who strolled with you the island o'er?
But who may never know such hours,
Again—among your woodland flowers.
"When shall we three meet again"
Was floated in the old canoe,
Singing Liberty songs amain,
Until our gaily chanted strain
Died along the lighted blue.
Boding thoughts forewarn me never;
But though far from you I wander,
Gratefully, sincerely, ever,
On your kindness will I ponder.
Island Chieftain—over blest,
Be the spot where thy footsteps rest.
The herding on he breast may wear,
The regal star; for gold may wear it;
On thine 'tis but a gem,
But noblemen abides within it,
And for that, and such as thee,
"Nature's true nobility."
Shall the glorious title be.

Original Tales.

THE PASSENGER'S STORY.
A Tale of the Heart.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. LESTER.

One evening in walking the deck of the ship in which I crossed the Atlantic, I fell into conversation with a passenger whose demeanor had strongly interested me in my friend. This interest was first excited by an incident that occurred in the early part of our voyage. On the evening of the day we sailed, as the faint outline of home, which had for some time hung trembling on the vision, faded behind the waters, I saw the leaning over the stern with his eye fixed steadily on the retreating shore. I also noticed, when he was aroused from his reverie by the giving way of a rope, as he turned and the moon fell upon his face, traces of fresh tears. I felt sympathy with him from these circumstances, and hoped to win his confidence, and learn his history. I was persuaded there was in his heart a fountain of gentle feeling.

We conversed as we walked the deck arm in arm, until we approximated the subject of our own personal history.

After I had, in a frank manner, related some of the more singular incidents of my own life, and expressed a desire to listen to his, he freely told me his story; and it was no less touching than strange.

"You are truly human being," he commenced, "I have seen, to whom I would ally what I am now going to reveal, and after I have told you my story you will be the only one now on earth who knows it." And he thus proceeded:

Fifteen years ago, this spring, I was passing with my father's family through one of the most beautiful districts of Massachusetts. Just as we were entering the quiet village of our horses took fright from a kite, which fell suddenly in the road before them. They ran with great violence, and threw us all from the carriage. My sister was so seriously injured that we could not proceed on our journey for several days. We all took lodging at a small and quiet hotel in the village, expecting to be detained a considerable time. The day after the accident my sister requested me to make inquiry for a female friend, whom she had known in Boston some years before, whose parents lived in the village, as she would be glad to meet her old friend once more. After some inquiry I found her residence. Mary was not at home, but was told me that I would be a sufficient introduction for me to say that I was her brother. "But" said she, playfully, "if Edward has taken care of your heart, for she is a lovely girl."

Mary had often spoken of her friend to me, with the most affectionate remembrance, and had already invested her with all the charms, I dreamed of one day finding in some fair cousin in my native village. But, alas! I had just left the halls of Harvard College, and my heart was as free as the breath of that evening. As I opened the door, I saw a very beautiful girl in a corner of the door yard, training a honeysuckle over the arbor that led into the garden. Her head was unsheltered, and rich auburn hair was falling in luxuriant curls over her shoulders. She did not observe me until a playful little dog came out from the arbor to disperse my entrance. She call'ed "Jeanche" back with a sweet voice, and I approached her.

I enquired if this was the residence of Judge ——. "Yes sir, do you want to see my father?"

"Not if I have the pleasure of addressing his daughter." The rich blood mounted to her cheek when I unfolded the object of my visit.

"You may have heard of the accident the travellers met with in entering the village last evening. It was my father's carriage, and the lady who was injured was your old friend, Mary ——, if I mistake not."

"Oh, is it possible? how much is she hurt? I wish I could see her." This was said with deep sensibility, and certainly as she drew nearer to me while I related the circumstances of misfortune, she appeared more lovely than any being I had ever seen.

"My sister requested me to call, with her love for yourself, and a request that you would visit her, if possible, this evening."

"I shall be glad to go, sir—shall I find her at home, by the long elm?"

"I will ever say if you will give me the pleasure of your society."

"Thank you, sir, if you will wait a few moments." She blushed while I held her hand. pale as marble at the intelligence I had communicated in regard to my sister, spread its rich freshness over her cheeks again as she led the way into the house, and left me, to prepare for the walk. A group of family pictures hung around the room, in which I was absent, and there was one there which I knew at once was hers. I stood before it in rapt enthusiasm, almost unconscious of where I was, until I heard a slight noise in the hall, I turned and saw her standing by the door. She had seen me gazing on her portrait, and felt embarrassed, even when we left the house. Neither of us spoke a word. I cannot describe my own feelings sufficiently to make you feel them. I was overwhelmed, and I was now a different being. Emotions in which I had before been a stranger, rushed on unbidden. I felt conscious that from that hour, my destiny would be linked in some manner with the angel by my side. When we reached my lodgings I showed her to my sister's room, and saw them sink into each other's arms. Day after day passed by, and every evening I found pleasure in the society of Mary. I loved her in the very depths of my soul, and yet I dared not breathe one word of affection into her. She seemed so pure that every thing was hallowed by her touch; so kind-hearted and joyous, that every thing was gladdened by her presence, yet as unconscious of her loveliness as the wild flower that has never been looked upon but by the eyes of Heaven. Yes, I loved her, and every time I met those deep eyes my heart glowed with a purer love, a more entire devotion. Those were days of enchantment, but they could not last. The time came for me to leave, and I felt that I was leaving the gate of Paradise to wander once more in the wilderness. Not every thing that was once beautiful had departed, and forever.

It was the last evening we were to pass in that village, and she had parted with Mary as I met her on the stairs. I asked her if she would walk a little in the garden, and she assented, that flowed behind the village. She consented, and we turned down a green lane that led to the river side. The shades of twilight had fallen over the scenery, and one of the sweetest landscapes in all New England was reposing under the soft light of the moon. I felt that a little while I should see that lovely form perhaps no more. I wished to fan my spirit with the refrigerant air of evening, and I have a thousand times since that hour, declared that I did not then tell Frances all my feelings. I was overpowered with a sensation of misery. But I could not. I made the effort, but it was unavailing. It was the bewitching period of early life. There was a freshness and charm over existence. I dreamed that heart of man was without care, and the world without sin. Thank God! it's all over now, and I will tell it all.

We walked on, and I saw her no more. The next morning we left the village. I had not yet learned how necessary the sight of her form, the sound of her voice, or the spot where we first met, had become to my happiness. Her image was before me night and day. She was present to me in every scene of pleasure that opened before me, and shed over all the future a soft and holy light. In a few days I wrote to her, praised her with my whole soul, and requested an early answer: I should here say that I placed my letter in the hands of a young gentleman whom I had frequently met on the village, who was about returning, and who engaged to deliver it to Frances in person. I now felt relieved from the harrassing anxiety with which I had weighed on my spirits; for my confessions was made, and I could now wait for the result. But day after day, and week after week passed by, and I heard not a word from Frances. I was confident that she would write to me, and must, as was certainly entitled to an answer. Why did she not write, if it was only to say, that she could not? Time and conjecture, gun to mellow the ragged outline of those dark days. But there were moments when the past rose up in painful scenes, rushed back so vividly upon my memory, that they were no longer clothed in that softened light which at last I was shut out from the world, and left to myself. I could not shake off, but there stood before me in the stern light of reality. I had received letters from home in the meantime, yet they were strangely silent on the subject of Frances, and they communicated no intelligence of Frances. For several weeks, an impression which I could not shake off, held my mind with fear, that some dreadful evil had befallen her. For my friends, I feel no solicitude; but the image of her, that lonely girl in distress, hung on my vision night and day. I went to Venice ,and soon after my arrival there, I called on an American gentleman to whom my letters were to be directed, and found a small packet from Frances. I broke the seal with trembling hand, for I dreaded the result. Besides there were my parents, I found three from my sister. I opened the first, which was written only three months after my departure, and glanced through it till I came to the Postscript. It stated that she had not seen Frances, but had alluded to my affection in one of her letters, and that the only reply she received, was, "As you love me, Mary, do not mention that subject again—you will not, I know, willingly inflict misery upon me."

I broke the seal of the second, which bore a date a few weeks later. The first paragraph ran thus: "Dear Edward—I call the regrets of Frances, a few days ago, I came to visit her, and I have been unwilling to leave her to return home. It is with strange feelings that I write to you. I know not whether this letter will thrill your heart with joy, or turn your brain to madness. Dear brother, I would give the world if you had never gone to Europe. I will not deceive you. It is my duty to tell you that Frances is not the same girl you left. I know not. Since you left this quiet village, where we passed those days which to you were as bright as a dream—still a few days ago, Frances has been declining in health, and suffering the deepest gloom. You would hardly recognize in her pale countenance and slender form, the same bright joyous being you once saw here. The night after my arrival here, we slept together. When I entered our lodging, I found her sitting by the window, alone, weeping—I sat down by her and took her hand, and said kindly, Frances, let me know what grieves you, perhaps I can make you happy.

"Oh! no, Mary!' she answered, 'you never can heal my heart—it's broken, and I shall go down in the grave in the morning of life, and no one will know why I die.'

"'Oh! Frances, don't say so,' I replied, 'I think I know already the cause of all your grief. Is it not my brother?' She fell upon my bosom and said—

"'Oh! yes—but pray do not breathe it to the world. Let me that I have your sympathy, and I will die!'

"'Oh! Frances, why do you say so—Edward loves you better than his own soul.'

"'Mary, you are deceived. It's a dream I have indulged too long—and have awoke from it, to die!'

"'Dear Frances,' I answered, 'let me convince you—for I know it is true.'

"'Oh! no—oh! don't do, Mary!' she said, as the fountain of her tears opened again, and a faint smile played around her face. 'No! no!'

"But hear me love. You never saw Edward after you parted, the evening before we left home, last summer—but you received his letters?"

"'Received his letters? Oh! no, he never wrote to me.'

"'Never wrote to you! Oh! what can this mean? The night before Edward sailed for Europe, he came to my room, and told me the whole history of his love. From the first evening he saw you, till that moment, he loved you with deep, tender, and unbounded love. I met you parted, he wrote to you, and told you all—and sent that letter by the hand of Mr. ——, whom you met in the village.'

"'Oh! heavens!' she exclaimed, 'I dreaded that cruel man has sacrificed me to his revenge, because I could not love him!' and she fell senseless into my arms. In a few moments she began to moan, and said in the most frantic with grief. 'But tell it all to me now, Mary—let me know the worst,' she continued.

"Edward waited a long time for an answer, and received none; but he wrote you again, and got no reply. In a short time he received your reply'—

"'Impossible! I never wrote to him! That letter was forged.'

"'That letter I saw, dear girl, and it seemed like your writing; but I could not believe it expressed the real wishes of your heart, and told him to hope no longer, for you never could love him. Edward was overwhelmed with grief, and he never uttered another word, but compared that letter with one of your own, written to me, and the contrast was sufficient to give room for hope. He came here to see you, and unfortunately, you and the day before gone to Boston. He crossed the country to New York, and called at your lodging, but you had just gone, and no one could tell where. He returned to Boston, and sailed for Europe, and forget, if possible, in a distant land, that he ever loved you!'

"'Oh! Mary, Mary, why did you not tell me all this before? Dear Edward, could I but see you, I should then be willing to die!'

"'Where is the vile wretch!' I asked, 'who has practised this wanton deception?'

"'I cannot tell you. After imprisoning me for months, he left the village, and has not been heard of since.'

"It was late that night before we touched our pillows, and such a night I pray I may never see again. It was a night I shall not remember. I have remained with Frances till now, and shall remain with her, till you return. Oh! brother, I can not tell you to fly to America. Frances is now calm, and hope has begun to shed its beams upon her soul. But still, I fear she cannot recover fully from the shock. She is more cheerful, and has regained some of her elasticity and bloom. She lives in expectation of seeing you once more. Oh! then fly, my dear brother, and may God send you quickly to your broken-hearted Frances. You will find in this packet a letter from her."

I seized the remaining letter, which I had supposed was written by Mary, and was only superscribed by her; it was from Frances; it was brief, but told more than tongue or words can tell.

"Oh! Edward, this is a crushing blow. If prayers could avail, I should to-night be in Heaven. Months of agony have rolled by, I passed away, and I was preparing to die. But oh! God, let me live long enough to behold you once more, and then I will be willing and led to suffer all this! It is all dark. But let us submit to it. And oh! can we hope! Yes, dear Edward, we will yet meet again—and then one hour will atone for it all. But should it prove that we have already seen each other for the last time—though you will be near, to console yourself with the thought that Frances loved you better than the whole world, to the last. But I will not die till you come. Oh! then haste, dear, dear Edward, to your own dear Frances!

"P. S. Mary has told you all in her letter."

If, when I had finished reading these letters, I had been told, that for a thousand years I was to endure fearful tortures, I should not have felt as I felt then. Burning revenge toward the friend who had broken into the heaven of our early love, only to destroy a wild desire to annihilate the breathing of the Atlantic in an hour—the awful fear that she would die before I reached her, all burst in one tremendous wave over me. But it was now not time for thought, but for execution. In one hour I was on my way to Paris. I sailed from Havre the day I reached it—and in six weeks from the time I received those letters, I was in the hall of my father's house. My sister sprung into my arms, and fainted. I placed her upon the sofa, and knelt by her side to catch the first sound that came from her lips—she spoke, and sealed my despair—

"She's dead."

I shall pass in my bosom during the next few days, words can never tell.

* * * * * * *

When the first wild blast had passed away, I went to that beautiful village to see the deserted home of my love. Frances, and visit her grave. It was a calm bland evening in autumn, and a soft melancholy was spread over the landscape. Every thing around harmonized with my own feelings. I passed into the old church-yard, and found my way to the grave. She was sleeping under the solemn shade of a lofty sycamore, and the evening wind was sighing her requiem through its branches, and scattering now and then an aged leaf upon her tomb. A chaste column marked the spot of her repose. It bore this simple inscription:

THE GRAVE OF
FRANCES ——,
WHO DIED ——— IN
HER 19TH YEAR.

"Her sun has gone down while it is yet day."

I could have been forgiven, I thought then, if the whole world for weeping, and I bedewed her fresh grave with such tears as man can shed but once. For there is one fountain, and it lies in the very depths of the soul, which can be unsealed only by such a misfortune as this. It opens for those tears we shed when we look on our first and only love—and then leaves the heart desolate as it closes forever. Here I opened a sealed packet that Frances had committed to Mary's keeping, to be given to me, with her last request, that I would read it for the first time, at her grave.

I found a letter, written with her own hand a few days before she died.

"My own dearest Edward! I have waited a long month for you to return, and it has been my only prayer for this world, that I might see you once more before I die. But I feel the sands of life are fast ebbing, and that in a little while, this feeble hand will grow cold in death. Since the evening that we parted at our door, and you held me in your arms, every throb of my heart, to its last pulsation, has been for you. And oh! dear Edward, when you come to this spot, and weep over my grave, cast your eye beyond it, for we shall meet in Heaven—

"Where no farewell tear is shed!"

Oh! what a glorious thought it is, that in Heaven there shall be the rapturous meeting of friends. There, the cold mildew of disappointment shall never fall to blight the flower of love. There the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary and aching heart of man shall find an eternal repose.

"You will find in the hands of your sister, my memorials, and some little treasures I have left, which you will please to accept: they are my parting gifts. Let me ask of you one dying request, and I will make you a dying promise. Oh! Edward, strive to live that our separation will be only for a season. For myself let me say, we know little it is true—but I promise you, if I shall be permitted, I shall hold communion with you, I will come to you and be your ministering spirit. I will cheer you in every hour of sadness and drive grief away from your heart—I will be your guardian angel through life. If I can, I will visit you when you come to my grave, and give you, if possible, some token of my presence. I will be as near you and as constantly as I can. If we know that could all be, it would be a blessed assurance. We do not know but we can hope.

"And now, dear Edward, the being I have loved best on earth—the one whom I have prayed to see but once before I die—the one whom I hope to greet in Heaven—farewell. My only thought and prayer shall be for you—farewell—farewell.

"Your own dear FRANCES."

There was a spirit in these lines which moaned of Heaven. They expressed the last feel lings of her soul, and I would not have parted from them, even for the purest love of a sanctified heart, for the whole world. I recalled her request, and her promise. I could not disobey. The evening before I sailed I left the village, and by that grave I sealed my vows, to be His obedient child. I moment that my struggle in my bosom ceased, and I felt a sweet submission to God's will. For the first time in my life, I looked up to Heaven, and felt a holy, comforting and purified love, exclaimed—"Oh! my Father"—and then experienced a calm impression—that the ground on which I stood was holy—that where I knelt holy. I heard no voice which spoke to the outward ear; but retreating within my soul, I seemed to hold communion with the pure angel gladdened being I had loved. And on an hour has since passed, that I have not felt that the spirit of my first and only companion of sacred Frances lingered around me. I stayed in that peaceful church-yard for hours, but I felt that I was not alone. I pressed those sacred letters to my heart, and left her grave.

Since that time, at almost every anniversary of her death, I have visited her native village to visit her resting place. It was but a few days before was sailed, that I stood there.

Seven long years had rolled away since her death, and yet it seemed but a brief period. The green grass had overgrown the mound, and the same solemn shade of the sycamore still shelter her repose. Her parents, too, were resting by her side.

"You cannot wonder, now my dear sir," my companion continued—"that the hue been to me somewhat a dreary world. I have felt no necessities to win the love of another—for my heart is still pledged to Frances. Since her death, I have laid my father, mother and sister in the grave—and spent the most of my life at sea, and in foreign lands! for I enjoy better health, and I experience quietness of feeling on the ocean, and an excitement abroad which suffers me contemplate the past with less gloom. But I never should have been able to endure all this, if I had not been sustained by the hopes and consolations of religion. My misfortunes I consider the only agency which led me to experience the blessedness of personal religion. They have weaned me from my strong attachment to the world, and I long have anticipated my own death with cheerfulness. I believe there is nothing earthly and fading, that can satisfy the restless heart of man. But I do know, that 'a life consecrated by the flight of years,' with its sublime prospects and exalted hopes, can completely fill the soul."

"Yet have told me a sad story, my dear sir," I replied. "But still the light of Heaven dispels its darkest gloom. It reminds me of a traveller, who, in coming to a mountain, sees mountain's brow, after battling storms and tempests through his journey, sees nothing but rain spread over the ground he has traversed—beholds the sun when he is setting, casting from a clear sky a flood of golden light, promising a fair to-morrow!"

"Come," said my companion, "let us go below, and in my state room I will show you her portrait."

When we had entered the room, and the door was closed, he took from a small writing-desk, a miniature. It was a picture of surpassing loveliness! there was a bland and beautiful expression over it—it was taken while she was yet in the bloom of youthful beauty. I kissed the picture, and he thanked me, and returned it again to its place, with a deep sigh, saying—

"Poor Frances! But she is an angel now."

My heart was too full for utterance, and we wept together.

THE SLEEP OF LOVE.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly midnight; I had dismissed my waiting maid and alone in my chamber, I had that evening attended a brilliant ball in my native city, and, in consequence of a slight indisposition, I had left the company at an early hour and returned; and, moreover, I had promised that night to make a decision upon a subject, which had repeatedly been urged upon my consideration, and this evening with more than usual earnestness, with the request, that, on the occasion proposed, a definite answer should be rendered on the morrow, and the distracting gayeties of the ball-room, I deemed, would scarcely allow me to bestow proper attention upon the thought and deliberation I felt it required. And now, shall I confess it, you, gentle reader, that I was alone with a *cold, calculating policy to reason and consider* upon the question, whether or not it would be expedient and politic to appeal for a legal separation from my husband, to petition an earthly power for the dissolution of that bond which the Almighty had wrought between us. Even now as I write, though years have passed since then, the remembrance of that hour, crimsons my cheek with shame, and I turn with a shudder from the thought of the dread punishment, which must have been the return for my guilt, were justice only an attribute of my Maker.

Nearly three years had passed since I had been Ashhurst's bride—after my father's death, which occurred a few weeks after my arrival in New York, I received a letter from him, in which, entirely unnerved by the deep feeling I displayed at the moment of parting, he had attempted with a winning and persuasive eloquence, which none but a heart like mine could have resisted, to rekindle the flame of love in my breast and win me back to him. My answer was cold and rapid, giving him plainly to understand what were the sentiments with which I had regarded him, and that my determination never again to resume the relationship which I had formerly sustained towards him, remained unshaken, and effectually to destroy all hope that further and more strenuous efforts on his part, might move me from my purpose, I informed him that all further written communications received from him, would be immediately returned or destroyed without a perusal. This was sufficient, and silence thenceforward was rigidly maintained. Soon after the reception of this letter, leaving the settlement of the estate bequeathed me by my father to my attorney, I had, in company with a gentleman and lady of my acquaintance, departed for Europe, from which, after more than two years' absence I had but just returned.

The lady was the sister of one of my former lovers, who yet remained unmarried, and it was easy to guess why so much interest was manifested by her and by her husband, in relation to my movements. They had spared no efforts to win me to compliance with their wishes, both before and after our return, and it was they to whom I had pointed as one wider span and examine the subject of a separation from my husband, and on the morrow, to tell them decisively whether I would or would not employ means for obtaining the same.

I had that evening casually overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, guests of the city—probably unbidden of Ashhurst's portion, by my appearance in public for the first time since my return—making some inquiries respecting him of a gentleman from Kentucky. From the few words which I could distinguish, I supposed he was still living, but where, or in what condition and character, I was unable to ascertain, and I was too unconcerned and careless about him to propose any inquiries myself. But now, in the solitude of my chamber the subject before me naturally led my thoughts away to him, and before I was aware, I caught myself wondering where he was, what was his situation, and whether he still remained the same debased and wretched creature of former days, and in spite of myself I half regretted the indifference, which had allowed me to neglect the opportunity which I had possessed for learning these. I tried to shake off the feeling of self-reproach which had seized me, but in vain, conscience was waking, and its low whisperings for the first time were heard for years. Strange memories of days departed, spite of my efforts to repulse them, came thronging to my mind. I thought of my early love, my bridal, and the happy years succeeding; my deep devotedness to my husband, and the sudden and subsequent estrangement, and then of my guilty desertion.

While musing thus I idly unclasped a bracelet from my arm, and, scarcely conscious of what I did, drew towards me a small ivory box, which had been handed me by my jewel-casket, and placed upon my dressing-stand. I raised the lid and started at beholding its contents, as a spectre had appeared before me. It was the miniature of my husband, which he had given me long years before. In my poverty I had learned to coolly setting for bread, and the likeness itself upon returning to my father, I had left as a worthless thing with its original. He had re-purchased the setting, and again placed the miniature within it and sent it to me during my absence. The domestics upon its reception, had carried it to my chamber, and the circumstance being forgotten, I was not informed of it upon my return.

And rightly had he judged, when he deemed the silent language of this little treasure might effect what words had failed to do, and move me to repentance. It was a happy effort of the artist; the exalted, god-like beauty of its original, which alone without his higher qualities of mind, might have almost won idolatry, was faithfully portrayed, and a strange feeling of tenderness came over me, as I gazed on this pictured likeness of the being I had so deeply injured, and the memory of his wrongs came with a pang of bitterest remorse. In fancy I stood again by his bedside; I saw him pale, emaciated and weak from suffering; I heard his pleasant parting words, and again oh! that last and look—how faithfully had memory preserved it. As she held it up before me, the fall of love and yet so sad and chiding, bitter tears, wrung from my heart in the agony of its repentance, rolled burningly over my cheeks.

Hours passed—a strange change had come over me; the warm fountain of affection, so long sealed beneath the ice of indifference, had again gushed forth, and once more my pent-out heart experienced the delicious happiness of loving. The morbid apathy, which, since the death of my child, had constantly possessed me, even in all my wanderings amid the interest-waxening scenes of foreign lands had suddenly left me, and my former self-love had been aroused to all their former force within me. I had an aim, a purpose now, and hope, ever fair, came like an angel to my heart, to cheer it amid its self-reproaches with the blessed promise, that confession of repentance would bring forgiveness. Bright visions of future happiness in re-union with the being from whom I had been so long estranged, came up before me, and again existence seemed a beautiful and blessed thing.

I determined at an early hour of the morning, to call on the lodgings of the western gentleman before mentioned, and learn from him the address of my husband, and then to write to him immediately, to tell him of my love and remorse, and to sue for his forgiveness, and permission to return to the place I had so wantonly deserted.

Bright, peaceful dreams visited me that night as I lay upon my pillow, and when I awoke it was in the new and sweet anticipation of happiness in future. My first care was to write an answer to the question concerning a separation; and what it was to be, the reader may for me to relate. This being done, I took up a newspaper which had been left the preceding evening during my absence from the room, and while I was dressing, and my mind was still occupied with the thoughts of the dread punishment, which must have been the return for my guilt, and were justice only an attribute of my Maker.

Nearly three years had passed since I had been Ashhurst's bride—after my father's death, which occurred a few weeks after my arrival in New York, I received a letter from him, in which, entirely unnerved by the deep feeling I displayed at the moment of parting, he had attempted with a winning and persuasive eloquence, which none but a heart like mine could have resisted, to rekindle the flame of love in my breast and win me back to him. My answer was cold and rapid, giving him plainly to understand what were the sentiments with which I had regarded him, and that my determination never again to resume the relationship which I had formerly sustained towards him, remained unshaken, and effectually to destroy all hope that further and more strenuous efforts on his part, might move me from my purpose, I informed him that all further written communications received from him, would be immediately returned or destroyed without a perusal. This was sufficient, and silence thenceforward was rigidly maintained. Soon after the reception of this letter, leaving the settlement of the estate bequeathed me by my father to my attorney, I had, in company with a gentleman and lady of my acquaintance, departed for Europe, from which, after more than two years' absence I had but just returned.

The lady was the sister of one of my former lovers, who yet remained unmarried, and it was easy to guess why so much interest was manifested by her and by her husband, in relation to my movements. They had spared no efforts to win me to compliance with their wishes, both before and after our return, and it was they to whom I had pointed as one wider span and examine the subject of a separation from my husband, and on the morrow, to tell them decisively whether I would or would not employ means for obtaining the same.

I had that evening casually overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, guests of the city—probably unbidden of Ashhurst's portion, by my appearance in public for the first time since my return—making some inquiries respecting him of a gentleman from Kentucky. From the few words which I could distinguish, I supposed he was still living, but where, or in what condition and character, I was unable to ascertain, and I was too unconcerned and careless about him to propose any inquiries myself. But now, in the solitude of my chamber the subject before me naturally led my thoughts away to him, and before I was aware, I caught myself wondering where he was, what was his situation, and whether he still remained the same debased and wretched creature of former days, and in spite of myself I half regretted the indifference, which had allowed me to neglect the opportunity which I had possessed for learning these. I tried to shake off the feeling of self-reproach which had seized me, but in vain, conscience was waking, and its low whisperings for the first time were heard for years. Strange memories of days departed, spite of my efforts to repulse them, came thronging to my mind. I thought of my early love, my bridal, and the happy years succeeding; my deep devotedness to my husband, and the sudden and subsequent estrangement, and then of my guilty desertion.

While musing thus I idly unclasped a bracelet from my arm, and, scarcely conscious of what I did, drew towards me a small ivory box, which had been handed me by my jewel-casket, and placed upon my dressing-stand. I raised the lid and started at beholding its contents, as a spectre had appeared before me. It was the miniature of my husband, which he had given me long years before. In my poverty I had learned to coolly setting for bread, and the likeness itself upon returning to my father, I had left as a worthless thing with its original. He had re-purchased the setting, and again placed the miniature within it and sent it to me during my absence. The domestics upon its reception, had carried it to my chamber, and the circumstance being forgotten, I was not informed of it upon my return.

And rightly had he judged, when he deemed the silent language of this little treasure might

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United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL C. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1866.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, with the name of the subscriber, we will send one copy of the Saturday Post, and one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one of the late steel engravings.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sartain's Union Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the Lady's Book.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the premium engravings.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, sixteen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Godey's Lady's Book.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, four copies of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Henry W. Whittier, late of Plymouth, North Carolina, who is in service for this country.

Of Henry Bonner, late of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Of Hannah T. Garner, late of Bladensburg, Pa., or

Of G. W. Garner, late of Bladensburg, Pa., or

Of Geo. Goode, late of Lorraine's Depot, Pa., or

Of Wingate Hinton of Harrisburgh, Pa., or

Of Jas. Kingsley, late of Richmond, Va., or

Of M. A. Beach, late of Pompton, Mo., or

Of Wm. H. Hansford, late of South Child, N. Y., or

Of J. Cranmer, Jr., late of Steubenville, O. J. C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have this week no news of a wonderful or a startling character, for the lovers of the marvellous. We do not remember ever to have witnessed a period of more perfect quiet than the present; particularly at the time of the inauguration of a new chief magistrate of the republic. Mr. Polk has been in such little haste to make himself known to the country that rumor is put to task to invent movements for him. The accession of Texas quietly passed away; the wrench of its sad pangs days of wonder was over: and all appreheusions of war or trouble of a serious nature, on account of that measure, appear to have passed away also.

The world, with a day or two's exception, has been most delightful, and the gossips of the city have been thronged with cheerful and happy faces. The business marts show signs of early activity, and the piles of bale and bustle of parties indicate that our country friends have begun to make their appearance. The State Capitols are again astir with the daily duty as censured carriers; and the prospect for the season's business is very fair.

In the literary world, no redundancy of new novelties are in preparation, although just at this moment the press is rather quiet. The demand of the public for matter for the mind within a few years is indeed astonishing. Leisure must be better improved than formerly, or the vast demands of paper and print which are every week printed in this city alone would more than glut the market.

Among the pleasant visitors to Mr. Cruikshank said of London, Philadelphia is getting ready to make large strides out of town during the coming building season. The streets have already compressed in various directions about the suburbs and in the districts, laying foundations of new streets, and in the older portions of the city many buildings have already been pulled down to make place for new. In this respect we do not think it likely that the business of Philadelphia will be fully as good during the present season, as it was during the last, and more easily hardly be desired.

There will be found in this day's Post the conclusion of a very touching and pathetic story. The melancholy of the author chapters may be forgiven in view of the propitious conclusion. The subject of a sweet creature thrown away and bewitched by romantic follies and false glories and triumphs that demonstrate and illustrate the vanity of human wishes, is ever overlooked. Yet nothing can be more popular than honestly, natural incidents well worked.

The present paper we shall undoubtedly prefer able to present the reader with foreign news, if not by the steamer, now almost due, certainly by the packets to be landed for the morning interest: in the commercial and political circles. The missing packets are still unheard from, and it is deeply to be feared that no good news will ever be received from them. The last ray of hope is nearly extinct.

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

The attention which is now directed towards Mexico especially as its a few months on that magnificent land. We say magnificent, for in everything except her people, Mexico is one of the most favored countries on the globe. Language almost fails the traveller to describe her noble mountains, her splendid plains, her never ended vallies, and her grand vegetation of the torre calentes. As she was in the days of Cortez, so she is now. The same refreshing winds sweep the declivities of her hills, the same genial sun pours its invigorating rays upon her soil. But in all things else she is changed. Her riches are gone, and her glory is dead. Her mountains are the resorts of robbers. Her pets are full of rotting ships, and her once great capital is the smallest in all the majesty of freemen, near crazy and shiek along, the most abject of slaves. Instead of the fairy lake studded with floating islands, from the centre of which arose the Capital of Montezuma, there now spread before the traveller's gaze a dreary Mexico, a barren plain, covered with saline particles, and stripped of vegetation. Where, in the days of her glory, were crowded villages, are now to be seen low wastes or impenetrable thickets. Here and there, along the melancholy route that leads from the sea-coast to the Capital, are scattered lonely hacienda; but the traveller, as he passes on the last mountain peak and descends into the valley of Tacuna, no longer beholds a hundred cities glistening in the sun. Rain and decay are there, with all the evils of a degraded people. Nominally free, the great mass of her population are really slaves. A few rich lords engross all the wealth, and the rest of the people are in abject poverty. Our citizens have no idea of the vast disproportion of property that existed in Mexico before her revolution, and still exists to a great extent. At that time the Count of Valenciana was possessed of landed property of the value of about $20,000,000, the income which, he drew from a single mine an annual revenue of nearly $1,200,000. The Count de Regla, according to Madame de la Baste, was so wealthy, that when his son, the present Count, was christened, the whole party walked from the house to the church upon ingots of silver. The Countess having quarrelled with the Vice Queen, sent her, in token of reconciliation, a white satin slipper, entirely covered with diamonds. The Count invited the King of Spain to visit his Mexican territories, assuring him that he held in his Majesty's honor should vouch nothing but solid silver from Vera Cruz to the Capital. This might be a brawler; but a more recent proof of his wealth exists in the fact that he caused two ships of the line, of the largest size, to be constructed at Havana, at his own expense, made of mahogany and cedar, and presented them to the King. Though the revolution did something to remove this disparity of fortune, the distribution of wealth is still very unequal. Sonsamonte alone possesses 200,000 acres of land: Santa Ana has, or had, an enormous property; and silvers are even richer.

As long as this condition of affairs continues there can be no legislation for the people, but all will be for the great. Talk of Mexico as a land of Freedom! The poorest farmer in Vermont, who toils from sunrise to sunset the year through, is a Prince compared to the bulk of the Mexican population. Without energy, without intelligence, poor, dependant, and indebted, what can be expected from their degraded condition? And, as the prosperity of a country arises from the people and not from a few great men. How can that down-trodden country ever aspire again to a place among nations? If we know aught of the causes that make and unmake nations, Mexico is lost. The Mexican people will a thorough social revolution takes place in their habits and ideas. Many of the better wealth in the rest of the world, who, indeed, carried their means to perish in the hands of like political adventurers, inheriting a vast estate, both Spain and her daughter have grown poor; and are poorer, until, of all the haughty nations that once bowed the knee to the Spanish throne "left to do her reverence." Alas! for Mexico.

NONSENSE OF FASHION.

In the "Old Curiosity Shop" we find a letter from Paris, which states that "another rich American is about taking the place of the retiring Mr. Thorn. Mr. Hammersley has opened a superb house in the *Rue de la Madeleine* and is spending vast extravagance per cubicre. In the meantime, the country of fashionables is in consternation; a thousand invitations will hardly bring persons enough to form a quadrille. Mr. Hammersley, however, is going on the right stage where he has commenced spending his money."

This is little scrap, by the way, is an epitome of the nonsense, heartlessness, and selfishness of "fashion" as called, all over the world. The wealthy, and, indeed, the moderately wealthy squander their money in the most foolish and ostentatious manner. In the country, simple primarily at those who care not for fashion, but the would-be votaries of fashion are more as little. Some lucky accident at last brings somebody to one of these entertainments whose example is authority, and others follow. The aspirant now becomes the fashion; which is to say, that those who formerly would not ask us to call, and peer in their castle of empire him, consent to do their share in eating him up.

Now, has he reached the pinnacle. From the throne pre-eminent, he has become the oracle. As admitted "fashionable" he runs round and precious on others what he has experienced himself. In the language of our quotation, he commences "weeding" his saloons. The butterfly forgets that he was ever a grub, and, forsooth, the newly-made aristocrat, in the beginners in the same race, the end of which, he has reached, and upon all things, in fact, which surround him, looks down as one who he had to summon a thousand to master. Such is "fashionable life"—selfishness, folly, and pretension. A fluttering army of the powers and faculties—a mis-spending of time, and a purchase, by slow and painful process, of bitter experience.

COLONEL DIGBY.

Every body horseboots, and every reader of Philadelphia papers, has heard of the renowned Colonel Digby, *alias* Bonzo, and half a hundred other names, in fact, who has made a name on a small scale; a man of prepossessing exterior and address, who managed in a few days before he left the city to swindle some few by tradesmen, more or less, out of small articles, some truly insignificant, and others of considerable value. There is no end to his desires and fancing, and apparently no description of petty knavery which he did not practice.

But the last operation of this incorrigible rogue, is the most barefaced and unexampled. He has been sentenced to six years in the Eastern Penitentiary. Previous to his sentencing, while sitting in the dock, on Monday, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, he slipped on a small cask

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Money may be sent safely at the end of the session half a dollar or more may be enclosed in a letter and the letter post paid. Small bills of all solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, from which it is desired to keep enough to cover pay.
Postmasters must always mark the Post Office remitted from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

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JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN P. JOHNSON, are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
W. HENRY H. LEWIS is our agent for Alabama and Georgia.
ISAAC E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Pennsylvania. Address, *Isaac E. James, Agent, Box 1, P. O. Philadelphia; John H. Brown, Agent, Box 1, P. O. Baltimore.*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES FIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilkinson.

Notices of New Works.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST; *or Meditations on the Death and Passion of our Blessed Lord and Saviour. Edited by Walter Farquhar Hook, D. D., Vicar of Leeds, and Prebendary of York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* In these days of religious excitement, when Good Friday and Easter's Death and Passion is arrogated so as to introduce the literal words of each evangelist, to testify to possible, the value of the present work is enhanced. It is from old English Divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, together with poetical selections, some of which are really beautiful.

NOTARY OF THE RIGHT TABLE, *or Stories of Home Love and Her Friends. By Mrs. Ellet. New York: Baker & Godwin. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This book, the third of the series, contains Mrs. Ellet's last contribution to literature. It is a collection of pleasant stories, of a kind calculated to do good, as well as to amuse. This volume strengthens the good opinion already formed of the library. If the publishers proceed as they have commenced, they will soon have a complete and very valuable collection of moral science reading ever printed.

MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE. *By Luther S. Cushing. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. Baltimore: Cushing & Co.* The author of this work was for twelve years clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and, of course brings to his task all that experience could suggest. It will be found a most excellent work for the guidance of deliberative bodies, and is especially adapted to the modification of the special rules of different assemblies. The Manual is highly recommended by competent judges.

LOOK TO THE END, *or, The Runaways Abroad. By Mrs. Ellet. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.* Some of the history of an English family travelling on the continent, and in Switzerland, in Mrs. Ellet's usual pleasant and quiet style. We are glad Mrs. E. is giving us something to do for the young. Her essays were becoming rather too much of a good thing.

THE LIFE AND INSTITUTES OF THE IMPOSTOR. *By the Rev. Father de Ravignan. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.* This is a work on the Jesuits, by one of their own number, and well deserves be acceptable to all who are interested in the history of that order of men. We have also, from Mr. Cunningham, the 324 number of his beautiful Bible.

THE COMMONPLACE MANUAL. *New York: Stanford & Swords. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* This is a very valuable collection, and compilation for the use of the administration of the Holy Communion, together with appropriate and select portions of scripture, and of the Book of Common Prayer, Liturgy, and other devotional writers.

THE PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co.* Part 12 of Parsons. No. 41 and 42 of the elegantly illustrated work contain the Winters' Tale, with many happy and tasteful embellishments.

CATTERMOLE'S CHURCH. *Philadelphia: Parrot & Co.*, and *A. Hart.* Part 3 of this beautiful work is out. Letter accompanied with graphic and fancy illustrations, and cannot fail to direct the reader.

THE RAMBLES OF MAX MAGUIRE. *Mercer: Parrot & Co.* have republished in a cheap form Leitch Ritchie's romance under the above title. *T. B. Peterson* has it.

BLENNERHASSETT.

A few months since, we published an article in this paper, relative to the Blennerhassett fate, in which it was stated that his real name was Lewis Carr, and that he was of Irish parentage. The publication of that article drew forth a letter from a reader of this paper at Nassau, N. P., which letter was also published. It did not deny the main fact, but took exception to one or two minor points. The subject being thus formally introduced to the newspapers, and, through the wide circulation of the Home Journal, to people's months all over the country—the consequence has been, that more speculation has been had upon the subject than ever before, for reason for, particularly as it evolved very little new matter. But there has been published one letter, from a lady in Mobile, which is at once delightfully written, but preserves some very interesting reminiscences. It was addressed to the editor of the New York Mirror; and we subjoin an extract:

I know enough of Blennerhassett to furnish forth a lecture—perhaps for the benefit of the stroke while the iron is hot—Blennerhassett has run the gauntlet of the newspapers, and those who should not I mount upon the stilts of his name, and lecture upon the "dog days" in this your sanctum! You can only turn your back for I will follow up my plot, and I promise not to intrude again.

Blennerhassett, is familiar to my earliest recollections—and I have often listened to the conversation of my family circle. I never saw him, and had I done so, should not have remembered him as he died when I was a mere infant; but my father and mother were both intimately—the latter, in fact, was his near neighbor—during his residence on his island, in the Mississippi, river in his purchase and occupation of the island in the Ohio. He was a tall, dark looking man, with the air, manner, and of extreme complexion; ungainly in his movements and demeanor, with eccentric, nervously, winking, and short-sighted eyes, and conversation most singularly interesting.—Irish quickness—little or none of the fun of his countrymen, and producing upon the ordinary observer the impression of a plain, somewhat eccentric, well-informed, rather unassuming, very amusing person. He was the obstinate and captious, particularly when sitting near his wife—which, by the way, was a trend of doing—and much addicted to contradiction, including therein, when a little excited, neither sparingly nor kindly. His wife was a very different being. In her, the accomplishments of Blennerhassett—she will think they judged her severely, in deciding that she was eccentric, dashing, eccentric, discontented, rather obtuse individual—find the key to the enigma of his after-misfortunes and fate. She was only deterred longer in the bloom of youth at the period when my recollections date, by a high and handsome-looking woman—tall, finely formed, and of a Grecian like presence—with air—perhaps saying nor kindly. His wife was a very different being. In her, the accomplishments of Blennerhassett—she will think they judged her severely, in deciding that she was eccentric, dashing, eccentric, discontented, rather obtuse individual—find the key to the enigma of his after-misfortunes and fate. She was only deterred longer in the bloom of youth at the period when my recollections date, by a high and handsome-looking woman—tall, finely formed, and of a Grecian like presence—with air—perhaps saying no intellect in harmony with her noble and graceful proportions, and a character fraught with energy and aspiring purposes. Formed for delighting in display, she excelled in conversation—and was especially fond of that kind of society which enabled her to exhibit all the powers of her versatile mind to the best advantage, brilliant vivacity, well stored with information, and with much of the world.

Natchez has always been remarkable for the wealth and truly Southern tone of its society—it is difficult, indeed, to imagine a little coterie, (it could not strictly claim a more extensive designation,) was brilliant, and delightfully rich in talented and intellectual members. But the field was too narrow—the magic too paltry, for the eagle spirit which had limed its wings in the atmosphere of the Old World, and was panting for the "Empire City" Paris. She pined for a freer flight, and chafed at her confinement among the wild weeds of a wild country, deeming such a fate a burial alive, and a very premature one. The ambitions of her spirit found some relief in the chase, which she pursued with manly ardor—managing and governing with masculine skill and grace, and never appearing in greater advantage than when seated on her steed. With all her *sweet faire* and worldly tendencies, Mrs. Blennerhassett had a fantastic imagination, and a marked tinge of eccentricity, like that in common with her husband: She was a passionate admirer of Rousseau, and adopted in her family system in the education of her sons. Her eldest, Dominick, was a decent youth, plain in face and plain in speech. One evening, when his mother was entertaining a large party, shortly after her advent into the town, he joined himself before her, and, examining her minutely, exclaimed in a loud tone, distinctly audible to the whole company, my father and uncle among them—"Mother, you are a devilish handsome woman when dressed—but just now in your wrapping gown, you were very ugly!" His mother blushed through her rouge when all Encyclopedia before that day, she supplied the deficiencies of nature by artificial means—her intellect, however, still was the glad his love of truth rendered his mind affectionate and kind, and appealed ever his presence. I have no doubt, however, that Blennerhassett's mind, with all its many, but ungainly, was the cause of his misfortunes, that might be termed a certain instance!

My reminiscences do not extend beyond the departure of the Blennerhassetts from Mississippi. The details I have given, are blended with the dim and indistinct of past years—the revered narratives having long since been recollections! Our merry dames was joyously doing the honors of his dimentable to half a dozen friends, when one of the officials announced to him that Gen. Adair was in the adjoining room. He immediately struck up in a full round voice, to the tune of Robin Adair—

Ye are welcome to Orleans
Johnny Adair!
Ye are welcome to Orleans
Johnny Adair!
How does Colonel Ross do,
And Irish Tom Anne do,
Why didn't they come with you,
Johnny Adair!

Following out this curious web of romance we find that Mrs. Carr, or Blennerhassett, died in 1834, in the above extract, after living in splendor in New Orleans, where she was described by her husband, followed him to Natchez. Thence she returned to the United States, and coming to New York broke up her home, and in poverty, was provided with a retreat in the "Asylum for Indigent Ladies," where she subsisted, and Blennerhassett, he died only about a month since. The various statements which have been made relative to this curious series of events, would furnish the material for a deeply interesting romance; nor are they deficient in most impressive moral lessons.

Crimes.

MURDER.—Mr. Trepagnier, a Creole, and the owner of the house at New Orleans, in which was stabbed on the 27th ult., by another Creole named Brunean. It is understood that, after a quarrel with Trepagnier, Brunean left the house, received a slap in the face from Mr. Trepagnier, and in return stabbed the latter with a dagger, which he drew from a walking cane. The blade thus pierced and Mr. Trepagnier died almost instantly. Mr. Brunean was arrested and taken to the First Municipality Watch-house.

At Mobile, on the 25th ult., an affray occurred at the American Hotel, between two persons from Sumter county, by the names of E. B. Cheney and Eaglebeard, a music teacher, which resulted in the latter being shot by a retaliating pistol; two balls entering his right breast, immediately below the nipple, causing a mortal wound.

Joseph Mesin was murdered on Sunday of last week, at North Bush, six miles from Buffalo. While sitting in his chair, partially asleep, two balls from a musket were shot through the window, which passed through the head of the unfortunate man, killing him instantly.

Personal News.

A VETERAN EDITOR DEAD.—We are pained to hear that Mr. William Simmons, Senior, who for thirty years has been connected with the Republican Banner, died at Nashville, on Thursday morning week, at Whitman's Hotel, Baltimore. He had been to Washington, and was on his way home to Nashville on his return home. Mr. S. had been for many years affected with the dropsy, from the effects of which he died. He was a native of Maryland, but the disease had made such rapid progress as to baffle medical skill. The body of the deceased was sent home for interment. Mr. Simmons was a kind-hearted and benevolent man, and much believed in the community in which he resided.—*Nashville Union*, 29 ult.

THOMAS CHAPMAN, Esq., of Camden, N. J., well and widely known as a member of the bar of that State, we regret to learn, while in the enjoyment of health, left from his chair and immediately expired. Mr. Chapman was about fifty years of age—has occupied a seat in the Senate of New Jersey, was for a number of years Prosecutor of the Pleas for the county of Gloucester. He was a most benevolent man and exemplary citizen.

DIED, on Sunday week, at his residence in Symmes township, Hamilton county, Ohio, Mr. Enoch Buckingham, in the 83d year of his age. He was among the old Virginia pioneers who penetrated the West when the Indians and its boastful master; and took possession of the farm on which he has since resided, about the time of Wayne's victory. He was a soldier of the regular Baptist Church for the last half century.

WE announce the death at Sunbury, of Jane, sister of Gen. Hugh Brady, in her 76th year. Her parents resided in Sunbury prior to the Revolutionary War, when Susquehanna was the extreme West, and its banks the hunting ground of the aborigines of the country. The deceased has often related to us reminiscences of the many massacres that occurred during the early settlement of this portion of Pennsylvania.

MR. O'CALLAGHAN, proprietor of the New Orleans Crescent City, has been arrested on his way through Georgia, and taken to Augusta Georgia, where a lookout was engaged in running an express from Covington, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala., in advance of the mail. A most contemptible business.

THE New York Courier states that Dr. Landner has closed his lecturing tour in the United States, and has sailed from this country to Europe. He is preparing a work to contain all the lectures he has delivered in this country. The work will contain a personal narrative of his tour, with anecdotes, &c.

A letter from Council Bluffs, in the St. Louis Reveille, says that as Lieut. Fremont passed the Pawnee Indians, in his adventurous tour of exploration, the Grand Pawnees had formed a design to assassinate him and his party. He was only deterred from it by the Pawnee Loups.

HON. Leander Starr, of New York, met with a very serious accident on Sunday evening last, at Albany. He was thrown from a sleigh in his residence, when he fell into a heavy dog cellar, which had been left entirely unprotected, and severely fractured his collar bone.

MR. Calhoun has retired in private life, having declined. It is said that he is engaged on a work which will attract a good deal of attention when published. We will be on the lookout for it.

A MAN named James Miner, who was arrested in Washington City on the 4th inst., charged with the murder of a woman in Missouri, was discharged from custody on Friday week. It was proved conclusively that he was not the man who committed the murder.

MR. McFarland, of Chester county, Pa., having resigned his situation as a member of the Board of Revenue Commissioners, a meeting of the Democratic Committee of Lewis, Esq., who has taken his seat in the Board.

THE Rev. Mr. Appleby and the Rev. Mr. Perkins, and their wives, arrived at Monrovia on the 11th of January, in the barque Caledonia, on their way to Cape Palmas, where they will join the Episcopal Mission.

JOSEPH Naches was, on Wednesday week, re-elected Mayor of the City of Alexandria, by a majority of almost four to one.

HON. Luther Bradish was at a meeting of the University, held March 4, appointed a Trustee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of New York, in the room of Rev. G. T. Bedell, resigned.

A letter published in the Boston Transcript states that Mrs. Polk has determined to attend no public balls or places of general amusement, during her residence in Washington.

DR. Bay, Superintendent of the Insane Hospital, at Augusta, Me., has resigned, having received a similar appointment in Rhode Island, which is more profitable.

THE Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore was elected by a majority of one, out of about three thousand votes. This shows the value of one vote.

WILLIAM Littlefield, Esq., formerly Collector, at Newport, R. I., has been appointed Postmaster, in place of Hon. Asher Robbins, deceased.

JOHN Jones has sold out his share of the Mediterrian, and retired. The corps will miss him—"we could have better spared a better man."

THE Lancaster Union, announces the sudden death of that city, of Patton Ross, Esq., for many years Recorder.

HON. Henry Clay has been chosen President of the American Colonization Society.

Miscellaneous News.

MRS. Mary Woods, residing at Cane Creek Factory, in Orange county, N. C., was killed by lightning on Sunday morning, the 23d ult. She was standing outside of the house, near the chimney, when the lightning struck the chimney, tore a hole large enough for a man to pass through, and killed Mrs. Woods instantly. The persons in the house felt the shock severely, but none of them were injured.

Twenty-three boxes, containing some two thousand broom handles, were shipped a few days since, at Northampton, Mass., for London. The Courier, published at Northampton, says: We understand that some persons are raising the brush in Ohio, and have obtained the handles from this valley, shipping the raw material to England, and there manufacture the brooms.

THE Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Leavitt, of New York, arrived at Cincinnati on the 6th instant, from Illinois, where they have been, recently, as Commissioners of the late Illinois Loan negotiated in Europe. It is stated, that the keynote Bill, upon the passage of which the loan was conditional, has passed the Illinois Legislature, and become a law.

THE cost of the British establishments for putting down smuggling is, upwards of £3,000,000 a year, while the value of the contraband goods seized does not, perhaps, exceed $3,000 a year; and yet it is a fact, that goods of the value of between £2,000,000 and £4,000,000, chiefly brandy and tobacco, are every year smuggled into Great Britain.

On the 26th ult., as Mr. Griffin Lambert, of Rhinebeck, was engaged in prying out stone, a chain was placed around the end of a rock, and a yoke of oxen hitched to it to draw it out. When the chain slipped off, the rock fell back, and the Andrustus flew up and struck him on the head so severe a blow, that he was instantly killed.

A descendant of Dogberry, in Rochester, N. Y., decided, after a long ballay being a customary and favorite amusement, cannot be punished as an assault and battery, even when an individual is severely abused by it. The boys ought to give him a complimentary snowballing, and send the Judge to Coventry.

THE new Postmaster General, Mr. Johnson, has discontinued the Government express to New Orleans, established by his predecessor. Mr. Kelly, and has contracted to convey the mail shall make the trip within the same time that it was performed by the express, which was eight days.

Seven Plough Manufactories, in Mayville, Ky., turned out last year ploughs to the value of $46 672. The establishment of J. F. Limer, of Wyoming, N. Y., alone manufactured of which was $7 50, and the total value $9 312.

DIED, A daughter, three years old, of E. S. Hilbreth, of Taunton, Mass., suffered for four months, with a cent in her throat, which she at length threw out by some fortunate position at play.

THERE were brought from Connecticut, a few days since, over the Hartford and Springfield Railroad, two hundred and seventy-seven horses, containing 1,563 Yankee clocks.

THE total revenue of the Province of Canada, for the past year, is stated at £821, 288 19s. the expenditure at £749,031, leaving a balance in the Treasury of £183,197.

THE receipts of cotton in Mobile, on the 27th of February, amounted to 15,106 bales—being the greatest number ever received in one day.

WE learn that the Ohio Life and Trust Company, intend having a circulation under the new Bank Law.

PLANT tansey around the roots of peach trees. The peach-worm will not trouble them afterwards.

THE Delaware and Raritan Canal opens for navigation, on Saturday, of this week.

Fires.

FIRE IN WASHINGTON.—The National Theatre, in this city, was entirely destroyed by fire, together with some buildings adjoining. The scenes ran out in their stage dresses, creating a terrible excitement. The fire originated in a negro shop.—"We have heard the amount of property destroyed by this extensive conflagration reported at from $50,000 to $60,000, and we are inclined to think the former amount to be the more correct estimate. It is sacrificed chiefly, Associated Theatre was an extensive one. The building originally cost $45,000, and it was lately purchased at public sale by Benj. Ogle Taylor, Esq., for himself and other gentlemen, for $12,500. The principal sufferers, are Gen. Van Ness, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Richard Smith, Mr. Harrison Smith and Mr. Lanard.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A fire broke out in Norfolk, on Wednesday week, in the dry goods store of Messrs. Edwards & Armistead, which, together with their stock, was destroyed. The insurance $18000. The store adjoining, occupied by Mr. S. Hawes, dry goods dealer, was also destroyed, but his stock was removed with slight damage. Two other stores, tenanted by Messrs. Blandgood & Co., dry goods dealers, and Mr. James Waters, merchant tailor, were partially burnt, and their contents injured by water. The buildings were owned by C. W. Newton, Esq., whose loss is estimated at $12,000; insurance $8,000.

THE saw and flouring mills at West Farms, in Westchester county, N. Y., occupied by E. E. Cogswell and S. M. Valentine, were burned; on Thursday morning week, with a large stock of grain and mahogany which they contained. Messrs. Cogswell & Co. lose $15,000, and Mr. Raymond $2,000. The beautiful residence of the late Daniel Lyedig, near the mills, was also burned. This property, however, was fully insured. The other gentlemen were less fortunate.

THE depot and store-house of Messrs. Stephenson & Kenfor, on the Railroad, five miles from Winchester, Va., were burnt down, on Monday week. The loss is estimated at from $ to $6,000, on part of which, we understand, there was no insurance. The destruction of the building, however, will cause the loss of much time before the establishment can be refitted.

THE County Prison, at Uniontown, Pa., was partially destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning week. It is supposed to have been accidentally set on fire by an insane man who was confined therein.

AN extensive fire occurred at Memphis, Tenn., on the 20th ult., which destroyed the office of the Appeal and nine other tenements, occupied by W. Joyner, grocer, Fleming, merchant, White, saddler, Miller, tailor, Slaughter & Jones, painters, Browning, grocer, Jennings, grocer, Bon & Madis, confectioners, and Keating, shoemaker.

THE Ravenna (Ohio) Star, of the 5th inst., gives an account of a fire which broke out in that village, which had well nigh wholly destroyed it. It originated in a store-room on the Main street, and destroyed two or three stores, including the Post Office, a drug-store, &c. Loss estimated at $8,500, of which $1,600 was insured.

A fire, on Main street, Cincinnati, on the 1st inst., consumed six two-story frame dwellings and the upper stories of Elliott's hotel, a brick building. The frame buildings were on leased ground belonging to Mr. Steele, and is a heavy loss to the calamity. The furniture in Elliott's hotel was much damaged.

On Sunday morning last, a frame stable in Washington street, near Eleventh, Moyamensing, was set on fire by some incendiary, together with a cow and a quantity of hay.

The dwelling house of John Woodward, Esq., Tompkins county, Conn., was destroyed by fire on the 14th ult. Loss $1,200—no insurance.

Army & Navy.

MR. Cushing has communicated a letter to Mr. Calhoun, acknowledging his great obligations to the various officers of the Navy, during his mission to China. He was indebted to Com. Biddle, the standing outside of the house, near the chimney, when the lightning struck the chimney, tore a hole large enough for a man to pass through, and killed Mrs. Woods instantly. The persons in the house felt the shock severely, but none of them were injured.

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New York City.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—The New York Herald tells of one Henry Wolff, who was thrown from a mail-boat into the East River, near Turtle Bay, on Saturday, and was most unhesitantly supposed to be drowned, and who presented himself to his astonished and overjoyed family on Sunday. It appears that he swam to the Long Island shore, walked to Williamsburgh, crossed the ferry on Sunday morning, and walked home to his relatives, who were mourning him as dead.

IRON FRAMED BABIES.—There have recently been built at the Archimedes works, New York, four iron bargues, which are to ferry a daily line on the Hudson, between New York and Troy. They belong to the highly respectable house of Lay, Dale & Co., of Troy, and were planned by one of the partners. They are of 350 tons burden, 100 feet long on the keel, 17½ feet beam, and 7 feet hold.

WEALTH OF MR. ASTOR.—His present wealth is computed at $25,000,000, and it is yearly increasing at the rate of about four per cent., 1851. Last year, the city tax upon his real estate alone, including that for the Croton lots, nearly all covered with houses,) was over $34,000. It was paid in three instalments, each of about $11,333 33 cents.

PIRATES.—The Captain of the schooner LOUISIANA, arrived at New York, on Monday, from Aux Cayes, reports that when off the west end of St. Domingo, on the 28th ult., she was fired into by a piratical schooner, which showed the Haytien flag, and also a black one. She fired some with a ball and twice without.

Among the donations in the German Society of New York, during the past year, was one from John Jacob Astor, of $4 302 50, being the balance of the sum of $20,000 bequeathed to the Society by his Will, but which has been paid before to enable it to establish 25 agencies.

THE value of the exports from New York for the week ending the 6th inst., was $479,064 17, of which $398,447 were exported in American vessels, and $80,616 64 in foreign vessels.

BY the report of the German Society of New York, we learn that during last year 17,749 German emigrants arrived in that city.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2100 shares Grand Bank,		10
750 do. Morris C. R.		63½
350 do. Vicksburg Bank,		81½
291 do. United States Bank,		82
200 do. Reading R. R.		50
100 do. Memphis Bank, Tenn.		60
100 do. Grand Gulf Bank,		84½
50 do. Commercial Bank,		91
20 do. Union Bank, Tenn.		76
$1,000 Western Bank,		97
1,000 do. Mechanics Bank,		101
1,000 do. Compton & Andrey M. R.		74
$17,000 Penn. 6's,		74½
$15,000 Penn. 6's,		74½
$5,000 Penn. 6's,		74½
$2000 Reading R. R. Bonds,		85
$1000 Morris C. R. 6's,		97
$2000 Lehigh 6's, 1845, 3d,		81
$1000 Penn. 6's, 1845,		74½
$5000 W. & R. R. 6's, 1870,		77½

DIVIDENDS.

The Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last three months, payable on the 15th inst.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—Remain nominal at $4 for western pots. *Beef*—There is no movement in packing, we quote 1st No. 1 $11. *Coffee*—The market is steady, but we have no change to notice in prices. *Cotton*—The demand for the past week has been very limited and prices have declined in consequence of the last three days are moderate, and in better variances and at a slight decline. *Flour*—There is not much disposition among spinners to buy, at present; those being pretty well supplied, and only a sales of 25 bales inferior at $4 44, 100 bbls Indiana at $4 50, 100 bbls Indiana fair do. $4 56, 50 bbls do. do. $4 62½, all on the usual terms for cash. *Grain*—Wheat is in fair demand, and 5,000 bushels Penn'a sold, and sales to millers at 98c. *Corn*—Is dull, and 5,000 bushels sold at 52c. *Rye*—Is in demand, and 1,000 bushels sold at 80c. *Oats*—Are in demand, and 1,000 bushels sold at 32c. *Provisions*—Are quiet, and prices generally without variations. *Pork*—Is dull, and sales of 75 bbls mess at $13 50, 50 bbls prime at $11 50, and 50 bbls mess and prime; some sales are at higher rates; barrels is in demand, and sales of 1,000 at $1 06 @ $1 12½. *Seeds*—Are steady with small sales of Timothy at $3 per bushel. *Whiskey*—Is steady, and sales of 75 bbls at 24c. *Wool*—Is quiet, and prices generally is without change to notice. *Lard* steady at 6c, on the spot. *Molasses* very dull. *Rice* is in demand, and 100 tierces, we learn have come under our notice. *Naval Stores*—No change of importance. *Oils* is moderately dealed, and prices generally without variations. *Provisions*—Are dull, and sales of 100 bbls mess at $13 50, 50 bbls prime at $11 50, and 50 bbls mess and prime; some sales are at higher rates; barrels is in demand, and sales of 1,000 at $1 06 @ $1 12½. *Seeds*—Are steady with small sales of Timothy at $3 per bushel. *Whiskey*—Is steady, and sales of 75 bbls at 24c. *Wool*—Is quiet, and prices generally is without change to notice. *Lard* steady at 6c, on the spot. *Molasses* very dull. *Rice* is in demand, and 100 tierces, we learn have come under our notice. *Naval Stores*—No change of importance. *Oils* is moderately dealed, and prices generally without variations. *Provisions*—Are dull, and sales of 100 bbls mess at $13 50, 50 bbls prime at $11 50, and 50 bbls mess and prime; some sales are at higher rates; barrels is in demand, and sales of 1,000 at $1 06 @ $1 12½. *Seeds*—Are steady with small sales of Timothy at $3 per bushel. *Whiskey*—Is steady, and sales of 75 bbls at 24c. *Wool*—Is quiet, and prices generally is without change to notice. *Lard* steady at 6c, on the spot. *Molasses* very dull. *Rice* is in demand, and 100 tierces, we learn have come under our notice. *Naval Stores*—No change of importance. *Oils* is moderately dealed, and prices generally without variations.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market 650 head, mostly Pa. beef cattle, including 400 taken to New York, 200 cows and calves, and 50 sheep. Beef cattle—Prices are rather higher, and all in market taken at $5@7 for ordinary to fine quality the 100 lbs. Cows and calves sold at $30@45 each. Sheep—Sales at $6@7 the 100 lbs. Sheep—The Cows to change hands at unchanged prices. Hogs—No alteration since last week; we quote corn-fed at 6@6¾c the net. Shipping Boy offered at 6½c. Swine sells at $3@4 the 100 pounds.

New York.—At market 1,200 beef cattle, 200 cows and calves, and 1,000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are a reduction of $1 the 100 lbs. for good to prime, and quote accordingly—left over 250. Cows and calves—Sales at $30@45 each. Sheep and Lambs—A good demand, we quote $6.50@7½ as in Hogs—At the close of our report last week, sales at 6c; sales at 6½c per cwt.

Baltimore.—At market 1,000 beef cattle, 500 sheep and lambs, and 1,000 hogs. Prices—Beef cattle—Sales at $5@6 the 100 lbs. Sheep—Sales at $3@4 each. Hogs—No alteration since last week; we quote corn-fed at 6@6¾c the net. Shipping Boy offered at 6½c. Swine sells at $3@4 the 100 pounds.

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State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Thursday March 4.—A bill to prevent corporations from taking private property without paying for the same, was introduced by Mr. Champneys, and at once decided and passed.

The Harrisburg and Ohio Railroad Bill was on motion of Mr. Gibbons, referred to a Select Committee, of which Gibbons are Messrs. Gibbons, Sherwood, Darsie, Chapman and Hill.

The nominations of Henry Pettibone, of Luzerne County, and Samuel Oaks, of Columbia county, to be Associate Judges, were confirmed.

IN THE HOUSE, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee on Retrenchment and Reform, to inquire into the expediency of reducing the compensation allowed Notaries Public, to pay in the Commonwealth a reasonable fee, and also of taking individuals for the private bills passed for them.

A bill was introduced by Mr. Hill to amend the Sale of the Public Works.

IN SENATE, Friday, March 7.—A bill, introduced by Mr. Hill, to amend the duties of the Militia Laws, and authorize the Volunteer Corps to change their uniform at pleasure.

Under enactments, was under consideration, and after a long debate, was negatived—yeas 19, nays 19.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. McCaslin, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported that it is impracticable to change the laws relative to the collection and mortgages.

Mr. Brady, from the Committee on Estates and Escheats, reported a bill to repeal the law subject of the claimed escheat of certain trust moneys, vested by the Bank of the United States—that no escheat has taken place—with a bill introduced by Mr. Russell, recommending that to be negatived.

Mr. Russell reported a bill to establish a uniform Fellow in Philadelphia City and County. Mr. Bayard from the same Select Committee, reported a bill for the same purpose, agreed to by the minority.

Mr. Smith, of Clearfield, in place, a bill to authorize the Attorney General to bring suits against the city and county of Erie, for moneys expended by the late riots. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

IN SENATE, Saturday, March 8, Mr. Eyre, from the Committee on Banks, reported a supplement to the act to incorporate the Girard Bill County Bank.

The Executive Session, the following nominations were confirmed: Christian Buhl and John Strohm, Associate Judges of Erie; Thomas Ness, Northampton; Harry Boyd, Erie; Thomas Weaver, Erie, and Thomas Gallagher, Mercer; John Montgomery, Northumberland; James Konner, Venango; Reuben Wilbor, Bedford; John Reynolds, Pike.

IN THE HOUSE, The subject of the sale of the Main Line was again taken up, discussed, and was informally postponed to Wednesday, March 12. It was resumed on Thursday, 13th, should be the day for going into an election for Senator, and for the Senate, that day to pay the troops called out during the riots have been further delayed.

Monday, March 10. The resolution of the House to go into an election for Senator, on Tuesday, was negatived.

Mr. Sullivan, from the Judicial Committee, reported a bill to appoint a Reporter of the Supreme Court, with various amendments; he also reported an amendment to the Constit

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE [illegible]

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

[illegible]

Domestics.

MRS. CAUDLE'S
Curtain Lectures.

[The following, from that inexhaustible reservoir of wit, the London Punch, is a tolerable specimen of the manner in which some wives do "go on." Without defending Mrs. Caudle in all particulars, we may be allowed the remark that, under such discipline, it is little to be wondered that husbands grow no better very fast.]

LECTURE I.—MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

[illegible]

From the Magazines.

A TALE OF TEMPER.

[illegible]

The Eastern World.

FROM CHINA.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

SONG OF THE QUILT.

BY T. J. GREENWOOD.

[illegible]

SHERIDAN'S FUNERAL.

[illegible]

NAPOLEON.

[illegible]

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Freiligrath.)

[illegible]

GEORGIA MOUNDS.

[illegible]

GAMBLING.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

THE STARS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

[illegible]

CLEAN STREETS.

[illegible]

THE WHISPERWIND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

[illegible]

So may it be!—amen, amen!
Blow on, good wind! Oh, were it ten!
Oh, were it ten, and clear the sky!
'Twill now, methinks, be six well nigh.
The Whisperwind!—'tis known to all
From North to South, both great and small.

The Olio.

CURIOSITIES OF STATISTICS.

No man can say what will be the weather to-morrow; but the quantity of rain which falls in any particular place in any five years, is precisely the same quantity which falls in any other five years at the same place. Thus, it is impossible to predict of any one Frenchman, that during next year he will commit a crime, it is quite certain that one in every six hundred and fifty of the French people will do so, because in past years, the proportion has generally been about that amount, the tendencies to crime, in relation to the temptation, being every where invariable over a sufficiently wide range of time. So also, the number of persons taken in charge by the police in London, for being drunk and disorderly on the streets is, week by week, a nearly uniform quantity, showing that the inclination to drink to excess, is always in the mass about the same, regard being had to the existing temptations of stimulations to this vice. Even mistakes and oversights are of regular occurrence, for it is found in the post offices of large cities, that the number of letters put in without addresses, is year by year the same. Statistics has made out an equally distinct regularity in a wide range, with regard to things concerning the mind, and the doctrine founded upon it has lately produced a scheme that may well strike the ignorant with surprise. It was proposed to establish in London a society for ensuring the integrity of clerks, secretaries, collectors, and all such functionaries as are usually obliged to find securities for money passing through their hands in the course of business. This guarantee society has gone into operation, and is likely to become a useful and prosperous institution.—*Vestiges of Creation.*

NEW ORLEANS RECORDER'S COURT.—J. McAllwell, was arrested by the watch on Sunday night, for being in a state antipodeal to that of tetotalism. So far from being ALL WELL, he seemed to be ALL ILL.

"Hello!" said the watchman.

"Hello!" said John.

"What are you?" said the watchman.

"A baker," said John.

"Rather a crusty customer, I guess," said the watchman, "or as some would say, a *loafer*."

"Not a bit of it," said John, "I'm a free white male citizen twenty-one years of age. I am a well *bread* man, though I have never had the advantage of a classical education."

"John," said the watchman, "your *cake* is all *dough*—how do you rise now?"

"Rise," said John, "I don't rise at all—I'm as *flat* as a pancake."

"Well, give me your arm," remarked the watchman, "and I'll conduct you to the watch-house."

"That's all right," said John, "I *knead* your assistance. But won't you listen till I make a speech for you on annexation, for I tell you that though not what you would call an eloquent orator, I am yet a *floury* speaker."

"I have not a doubt of it," said the watchman, "but I prefer waiting till to-morrow morning, when I will hear a touch of your quality before the Recorder."—*Pic.*

INGENIOUS RASCALITY.—Some rascals who had been robbing a merchant's wine cellar in Paris, at length sent him the following note:

"SIR: For some time you have been robbed at retail; we have resolved now to rob you by wholesale, and I hereby notify you that to-morrow night, should you not adopt measures to prevent it, your cellar will be entirely drained."

"SA-CR-R-R-RE!" cried the merchant, and he loaded his pistols and waited impatiently for the appointed night, when he descended into the cellar and seated himself between two wine casks. Everything in the cellar remained safe, but imagine his astonishment in the morning, at finding every door in his house opened—every room rifled, all his plate, money, clotes, &c., purloined. The thieves had persuaded him to take care of his cellar, while they should rob his house.

A LEARNED DECISION.—Some of our South-Western justices are sorely puzzled at times. For instance:—Smith was accused for stealing a pig from Stokes; Johnson, a witness for Stokes, swore positively as to the guilt of Smith; Jinkins, a witness for Smith, swore just as positively for his innocence. The justice was in a quandary. The business, like the Irishman's opinion of the French language, looked to him "a good deal mixed," so he finally dismissed the suit, and *sentenced the witnesses to pay all the costs.*—*Wab. Cour.*

REMARKABLE RAZORS.—A pedlar wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave, by the light of a diamond, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as thought, and as bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved in the morning."

TRANSCENDENTALISM—THE DEFINITION OF AN IDEA.—"The idea is the event, that the conception, as the universality, which is unity, determines itself towards the same as objectivity and antithesis, and this exterminality, which has conception for its substance, leads itself back through its imminent dialectic into subjutiority."

CURRAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A SPEECH.—The learned sergeant's speech put me exactly in mind of a familiar utensil in domestic use, commonly called an *extinguisher*,—it began at a point, and on it went widening and widening, until at last it fairly put the question out altogether.

☞ On a recent occasion, says an exchange paper, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in a neighboring town, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, the largest number of the *ladies* in the house immediately arose.

RAISING THE WIND.—A loafer, houseless and ragged, applied to a magistrate, in Baltimore, for admission into the alms house, to keep himself from starving. On receiving his commitment as a vagrant, he sold it to a negro for twenty-five cents.

THE FASHIONABLES of both sexes are very anxious to ascertain whether the bill now before the Legislature, "to punish persons who appear in public, disguised," will extend to the wearing of mustaches and bustles?

AN IRISH MAID, boasting of her industrious habits, said she rose at four, made a fire, put on the tea-kettle, prepared breakfast, and made all the beds *before any one in the house was up.*

A CURIOSITY.—A bustle worn by Cleopatra when she went to a tea party in her girlhood, and a needle with which she mended Marc Anthony's pantaloons.—*Uncle Sam.*

☞ "I say that's my sentiment, and I'll *stand by it*," as the *spirited* politician said, and then tumbled into the gutter.

☞ "It's all day with you," said the clock to the dial. "But you have to work o' night," was the reply.

☞ Little boy, when may your mamma be called a jeweller? Ans: When she makes your *ear ring.*

☞ The following may be called a very definite answer—"Will you apologise or fight?" "Sure, I vill."

A QUANTITY OF HALF FARTHINGS ISSUED.—Charity made easy to the meanest capacity.—*Punch.*

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THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr JAYNE, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by JOHN KNOX, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 30, 1843.

Mr. A. JAYNES:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short: it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her EXPECTORATE, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked, her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT and VERMIFUGE. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a teaspoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and thin like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her EXPECTORATE.

You may do what you think proper with this statement as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect,
JOHN KNOX, PRINTER, Pittsburg. June 17-1y

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